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collated
&
perfect.
1790.

ANGELICA;
OR
QUIXOTE in Petticoats;
OR
COMEDY
OR
DIALOGUES
First Edition.

Quos irrupta tenet copula; nec malis
Divulsus querimonibus,
Supremâ cibus, solvet amor die.

LONDON:
Printed by the Author, and sold by the Booksellers,
London and Westminster, 1756.

T O

DAVID GARRICK, Esq;

S I R,

PERMIT me thus publicly to return you my sincere thanks, for the polite and obliging manner in which you revis'd the following Farce, which tho' refus'd, was done in so genteel a manner, that though it pain'd me, yet the civility that accompanied it, made me, in some degree, amends. You were so obliging to attribute your refusal of not bringing it upon the stage, not to the want of any merit in the performance, but rather to the elegant manner in which Sir Richard Steele has handled the same subject in his comedy of The Tender Husband, or Accomplished Fools.

I am

DEDICATION.

I am fully persuaded, sir, that your character can receive no lustre from a dedication of this kind; but self interest was the prevailing motive which determin'd me to it, as a dedication to a person so universally esteem'd by the sensible and judging part of mankind (and not without the greatest reason) must needs meet with the approbation of the public, which is the utmost ambition of

S I R,

Your most obedient

Humble servant,

The AUTHOR.

ADVERTISEMENT,

THE author of the following sheets thinks himself under an indispensable obligation to inform the public that the character of Angelica and the heroic part of Careless, is not only borrow'd, but entirely taken, from the female Quixote, of the ingenious Mrs. Lenox.

P R O L O G U E.

IN TENDED for Angelica or Quixote in Petticoats, and humbly address'd to the ladies, as the patrons and protectors of poets.

OUR poet yonder's in a horrid fright,
Anxious and trembling for success to night;
This child, the firstling of a needy brain,
Protection claims where love and pity reign.
This subject once employ'd Sir Richard's pen,
The first of poets, and the best of men.
Vain the attempt with equal fire to charm,
Like him, the tender passions to alarm;
Our author's vanity don't soar so high,
He only hopes some beams of mercy nigh,
Which from your goodness he's in hopes to claim,
As a reward for his desire of fame:
Tho' not to merit is his farce confin'd,
He vainly hopes, the audience will be kind.
Vain hope! to fancy critics e'er lend ears,
To poor starv'd author's wishes, hopes, or fears:

No!

Those worthy gentlemen will have their way,
 And right or wrong, will damn an author's play.
 Critics ayaunt he will not interceed ;
 But to the fair he begs of me to plead.

To this fair circle humbly I appeal,
 That they for our Angelica will feel,
 What once they felt ; when great sir Richard Steele,
 To celebrate th' immortal Tipkin's praise,
 Courted the muse in high and lofty Bays.

Romantick lovers here appear in view,
 Like those of old ; who were for ever true
 To their first love, disdaining other laws
 Than those of cupid.—
 What beauteous female in our days wou'd wait
 A ten years suit ? to be admir'd in state
 By prostrate lovers : who afraid to shew
 The cause of all their pain and all their woe ;
 For fear the mistress of their love shou'd prove
 Unkind, and banish him who dar'd to love.
 The ladies in our times more prudent are :
 Look round and ask yourself ; Are they less fair ?
 Time has encreas'd the lustre of your charms,
 And ev'ry look a manly heart disarms.
 You kindly sympathize your lover's moan,
 And know th' excess of torment by your own,
 Virtue and charms heroic hearts will please,
 And ev'ry female give her lover ease ;

Virtue,

PROLOGUE.

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Virtue, celestial goddess ! will impart,
Her radiant beams to each desiring heart,
Blest in her sway the world no more shall mourn,
But to deserted paths of virtue turn:
Poets and heroes in one truth agree,
Her yoke is easy, and her empire free !

O ye bright circles of the British fair !
Take then our female Quixote to your care ;
Your kind protection stops each critic's breath,
And each rude murmer be as hush'd as death.

DRAMATIS

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

Sir William Lovemore, Father to Melinda and Angelica,

Modely, in love with Melinda.

Carelefs, in love with Angelica.

Gripe, a ridiculous Old Miser in love with Angelica.

George, fervant to Carelefs.

W O M E N.

Melinda, } daughter to Sir William, in love with
Modely.

Angelica, } daughter to Sir William (a great lover of
romances) in love with Carelefs.

Maria, fervant to Angelica.



ANGELICA;

OR

Quixote in Petticoats, &c.

ACT I. Scene I. The Piazza.

Enter MODELEY and CARELESS meeting.

MODELEY.

GOOD morrow Charles ; what
wind drove you to this part of
the town so early ?— Some mis-
trefs I suppose ? I thought you
had had a surfeit of wenching some months
ago, when the old procurefs gave you a
stale, worn out, mangy jade ; and you
expected an unbroke, skittish colt, Ha !
ha ! ha !

B

CAR-

CARELESS.

Why, 'faith, Frank, I confess myself most severely mortified by the trick which the old Jezabel put upon me.—But now an honourable passion claims possession of my heart ; Angelica the younger sister of your favourite Melinda, who last week arriv'd in town, has depriv'd me of my freedom : her bright eyes carry such a resplendency with them, that my heart confess'd the willing slavery. Her whole person's cast in nature's finest mould !—Heaven sure when it form'd her, intended her for its masterpiece ; and smil'd as if pleas'd with the work of its own hands.

“ Oh ! she is more than painting can express !

“ Or youthful poets fancy when they love.

MODELEY.

Raptures ! raptures man !—Why, 'faith, Charles, I pity you, for by the account which Melinda has given me of her, she is run mad in romance, fancies every man that looks upon her, some obscene ravisher ; screams for help from gods and men ! and but the other day spit in a gentleman's face, and box'd the ear of another,

ther, for only attempting a civil salute. Sir William is of opinion that she is a little crack brain'd; and has advis'd with a mad doctor what is best to be done with her.

CARELESS.

No matter! tho' the prize is difficult yet I am resolv'd to attempt it. Besides man, I am learn'd in romance, oroondates, statira, artamenes, and clelia, are all my intimate acquaintance.—Stay!—I have thought of a scheme, which I am persuaded will not fail of the desir'd success. You know my servant George is a good personable young fellow, and has a consummate assurance; now the first time she makes her appearance in the park, George shall be there, drest in a suit of my cloaths: he shall make love to her, which from a stranger will be an unpardonable crime; upon which she will banish him her presence; the presumptuous lover, incens'd at this, shall attempt to force her away; she screams for help, upon which I fly to her assistance, and release her from the danger she is threatned with. She will then look upon herself as oblig'd to me for the timely succour I have afforded her; and I hope

will not want a precedent for bestowing her esteem on the valiant knight, who defended her at the hazard of his life.

MODELEY.

But Charles, should you not know her hour of walking, that George may be ready to play his part ?

CARELESS.

That difficulty is already got over ; you must know, I have see'd council.—I am in league with her chamber-maid.

MODELEY.

Well, Charles, your scheme seems to be so well plann'd, that I have nothing more to offer against it. I heartily wish you success ; and if I can be of any service to you, you may command me.

CARELESS.

My dear Frank, I expected no less from your friendship. But it grows late, I must go home and study to act my part to advantage, that I may appear the more agreeable to the charming object of my softer thoughts.

MODELEY.

And I, Charles, to meet my dear Melinda.
Allons, allons, bon jour. [Exeunt different
(ways)]

Scene changes to an apartment in Sir William Lovemore's house.

Enter ANGELICA and MARIA.

ANGELICA.

Haft thou not observ'd, Maria, how Careless ey'd us *; haply he thinks us worthy of his love. I charge you, Maria, upon pain of my eternal displeasure, not to be in the least accessary to the conveying of his presumptuous thoughts to me either by letter or message.

MARIA.

As it is your la'ship's exprefs commands, I should esteem myself the worst of creatures did I dare to disobey you.

ANGELICA.

Your obliging condescension, Maria, deserves my thanks: and tho' any lover should have the temerity to address you on my account, I charge you to obey my orders.

Enter MELINDA.

—How does my fair sifter! My dear Melinda! Welcome to these arms, which has
not

* The heroines generally speak of themselves in the plural number.

not held you in their lov'd embrace since yesterday.

MELINDA.

Why in truth, my dear Angelica, I am but half myself, the fear of Sir William's finding out the regard which I have for Modely, to whom he bears an invincible hatred, upon account of some family quarrel, makes me for ever uneasy,

ANGELICA.

Pardon me, my dear Melinda, if I say you give too much liberty to Modely, to let him talk to thee of love; nay, he had the presumption the other day, to kiss your hand several times. Dost thou imagine, my dear sister, that the rigid statira ever suffer'd such indecent liberties to be taken with her?

MELINDA.

Ha! ha! ha! excuse me, thou dear censorious girl, for laughing at your antiquated notions. Those liberties Angelica which you call indecent, are tolerated by prevailing custom, and tho' they might be look'd upon as indecent so many centuries ago as
statira

statira liv'd, yet now they are far from being so.

ANGELICA.

Indeed, my dear, I am sorry that I must dissent from your opinion. The divine Mandana who was most severely virtuous would not have suffer'd such a horrid violation of respect.

Enter Sir WILLIAM LOVEMORE.

Sir WILLIAM.

Daughter Angelica, I had on offer made me yesterday by my friend Mr. Gripe, who is violently in love with you; he is old to be sure, child, but then he is rich; and, considering his age, very agreeable.

ANGELICA.

I am sorry, sir, you have propos'd to me an affair, in which haply I can't obey you.

Sir WILLIAM.

Astonishing! How not obey me?

ANGELICA.

No sir! Why Gripe is above fourscore!
a very proper husband — for Angelica!
besides

besides, sir, did you ever hear of any of the Heroines of antiquity, that —

Sir WILLIAM.

Damn your Heroines of antiquity! — but here he comes.

Enter GRIPE.

Your humble servant Mr. Gripe.

GRIPE.

Your servant Sir William. Pretty Mrs. Angelica I am yours. [Kisses her.]

ANGELICA.

Presumptuous man! Have my eyes lost all their lightning, that they cannot strike thee dead for thy presumption.

GRIPE.

Hey dey! What the devil is the matter now?

Sir WILLIAM.

Mr. Gripe, we will leave you together. Melinda, I have some business with you.

[Exeunt Sir William and Melinda.]

GRIPE.

I am very sorry, Mrs. Angelica, that I have offended you.

ANGELICA.

Your sorrow Sir, will be better express'd by your repentance.

GRIPE.

GRIPE,

I suppose Sir William, Madam, has inform'd you that your charms have made a conquest of my heart. Oh ! you dear little smiling rogue ! how happy we shall be together : I warrant you'll be envied by all the young women in our parish.

ANGELICA.

Envied ! No wretch, I should rather excite their pity.

GRIPE.

O you dear little angel !—I must have another kiss, [snatches a kiss]

ANGELICA,

Go ! disloyal man ! Go, from our presence ! and never presume to see us more till you have sufficiently atton'd for your presumption. [Exit Angelica]

GRIPE.

Was ever such a haughty little devil ? but I believe I have vigour enough to tame her : I wish I was married to her, for I long to be handling those little plump bubbles ; 'gad the very thoughts of them setts my mouth a watering.—I will e'en take her without a fortune, which is a great thing for a man that loves money as well as I do, and that will be a means of mak-

C

ing

ing Sir William part with his daughter
sooner ; for I long to be romping with the
dear, sweet creature ! [Exit]

Scene changes to the park.

Enter ANGELICA and MARIA.

ANGELICA.

My thoughts are at cruel war with each
other ! my father's cruelty attempts to
bestow my person on so presumptuous a
man as Gripe, whose age and figure is suf-
ficient to make me abhor him, much less
to inspire me with any sentiments of esteem.
Nay the discourteous man has had the in-
solence to declare his passion to me ; for
which presumption I have banish'd him
my presence ; and tho' I wish to prevent
his death ;—yet I cannot resolve to preserve
his life, and at the same time to retain my
own glory : —and yet I fear without I
give him a kind assurance, it will be utterly
impossible for him to live, for the poor man
seem'd actuated with despair, at my rigour-
ous cruelty.

MARIA.

Truly ma'am, I think you are very hard-
hearted, to use the poor gentleman so cru-
elly ; what tho' he is in years, yet his riches
in

in my opinion sufficiently over-ballances that defect ; and as for your banishing him your presence, for daring to love you : I am sure was I as handsome as you, I should think myself greatly neglected, if every man I saw did not tell me so. It may now be a good time, to put in a word for Careless. [*aside*] There is poor Mr. Careless, Madam, I believe a dying for you, I am sure it grieves me to the heart to see the poor gentleman look so ill. [Sobs and cries]

ANGELICA.

Fie Maria ! mention him no more !— But pray didst thou ever hear of any great personage, any heroine of old, that ever listen'd to expressions of love, under ten years of conceal'd passion ? Did not prince Massagates bury in silence his passion for many years ? and at length it was discover'd merely by accident. And did not the great Artamenes take the most respectful way to let the divine Mandana know how he ador'd her ? These now are examples worthy of imitation. Oh ! why did I not live in those ages of respect and tenderness ! I should then have had no cause to lament the want of delicacy in my lovers !—

C 2

Enter

Enter GEORGE.

GEORGE.

How comes it, fairest of the race of mortals, that a person of your sublime quality, ventures herself here, with so slight an attendance ! haply some presumptuous lover may take advantage of your situation ; as the lover of the illustrious Parthenissa did, and, like that hapless lady, you may remain some time in the hands of your ravisher.

ANGELICA.

Courteous stranger, your obliging civility demands my thanks ; but at present I have no need of your valour, which haply has appeared in many signal causes.

GEORGE.

My valour, madam, is ever ready to appear in the defence of so accomplish'd an heroine as yourself ; for know, madam, I adore you ! suffer me at your [*kneeling*] feet, thus to interceed for pardon for my presumption.

ANGELICA.

Disloyal man ! what a horrid violation of respect is this, to us, the object of your audacious passion. O ye gods ! why do you subject me to so cruel an indignity ! —
dis-

discourteous knight ! never hope to gain our pardon for your presumptuous confession of your passion ; which we could almost despise ourselves for inspiring. Go ! and find your punishment in the absence to which I doom you !

GEORGE.

Ah cruel ! what have I done to merit this banishment ? But] my death will soon free you from this object of your hatred.

ANGELICA,

Thou mistak'st me, I do not consent to your death ; I intreat you to live ; nay more, if I have any power over you, I command it.

GEORGE.

Thanks generous creature ! thus let me pay thee. [Kisses her.]

ANGELICA.

O heavens ! to what am I subjected ! [*screams*] haply some knight may be in hearing, and will fly to the relief of a hapless virgin. [*screaming still louder*] Art thou, Maria, in league with my foul ravisher ! and like the wicked Arianta, who betray'd her mistress into the power of her insolent lover !

—Ah !

—Ah! Angelica thou art not single in thy misery, since the divine Mandana became, like thyself, the dupe of a mercenary servant.
[screams.]

Enter CARELESS.

CARELESS.

Sure my ears deceive me, or I heard the screams of one in distress, and that in so sweet a pipe, that it has thrill'd my very soul.

ANGELICA.

Thank heaven, here's relief at hand!—generous stranger! [kneeling] do not refuse your assistance to a hapless virgin, whom this brutal ravisher has attempted to force away.

CARELESS.

Rise thou fair afflicted! and suffer me to assure you, that this arm shall do you justice. Hold, impious ravisher, and discourteous knight! nor dare to offer violence to this lady, whom thou attempt'st to carry away by force. Prepare to defend thyself against one that will sooner die than suffer thee to proceed in thy unjust designs.

GEORGE.

The man, sir, who has had the presumption to offer love to this lady, dares likewise revenge any affront done to his injur'd honour. [they fight, and George is disarm'd]

GEORGE.

Oh ! I am wounded to death !

ANGELICA.

Valorous knight ! suffer him to live,
but first make him swear by your sword,
never more to attempt my liberty.

CARELESS.

Swear then by this sword, whose point
has vanquish'd thee.

GEORGE.

I swear by the sword, whose point has
vanquish'd me, that I never more will at-
tempt the liberty of this paragon of divine
beauty.

ANGELICA.

I am satisfied ! [*waves her hand to George,
who exits*] and now, valiant knight, it be-
hoveth me on my knees to thank you for
the deliverance you have procur'd me from
that disloyal man, since to your admir-
able valour, haply I owe the preservation
of my life ; and what is infinitely more
dear to me, my honour.

CARELESS.

I beseech you rise, madam, and debase
not such perfection to a posture in which
all the monarchs of the earth might glory
to appear before it.—Fortune I thank thee,
for

for this instance of thy bounty to me!
[aside] I little thought when I heard your
cries, that it was the divine and beautiful
Angelica, that I was flying to the succour
of.—Ah me!—[sighs]

ANGELICA.

Bless me sir! what is the matter? Are
you wounded?

CARELESS.

Yes madam!—deeply wounded [*faintly*]

ANGELICA.

Where are you hurt?

CARELESS.

Here madam, under my left [*pointing
to his heart*] breast:—and I fear the wound
is mortal!

[*sighing, and looking tenderly upon her*]

ANGELICA.

Forbid it heaven! What can I do to assist
you?—The wound is in his heart;—but
I'll take no notice. [*aside*]

CARELESS.

Madam I am a wretch unworthy of your
care.

ANGELICA.

O say not so! the service you have done
me claims every thought for your safety.

CARE-

CARELESS.

No madam I have cancell'd the merit of the small service which I have done you, by daring to adore you. I love divine Angelica! [*kneeling*] and not being able to repent or to cease loving you; I am resolv'd to die, and spare you the trouble of pronouncing my Fate. — I read in your looks the sentence of my banishment; but prepare to see me fall at your feet o'erwhel'd with despair and love.

[*falls into a counterfeited swoon*]

ANGELICA.

Affix Maria! or Careless dies! — O return to life, thou dear defender of my innocence; and live for the sake of her, who cannot be ungrateful to such merit. — He lives, Maria! [*Careless recovers*]

CARELESS.

O Angelica! — dost thou desire my death?

ANGELICA.

No! live Careless! and, if possible, forget a weakness, I cannot but condemn. — But remember that your death will be a fault which I cannot resolve to pardon. — Adieu! I stay for no thanks, neither presume to follow me! [*Exit Ang. & Maria*]

CARELESS.

Thus far matters go on swimmingly: the next thing is to gain her consent to marry
D me

me, which now I don't despair of. Her father,
persecuting her with old Gripe, will be a
means of throwing her sooner into my arms.
Let her be mine, ye sacred pow'rs above,
And bless our future days with joy and love.
Exit.

End of the first Act.



A C T II. Scene I.

CARELESS's Lodgings.

Enter CARELESS and GEORGE.

CARELESS.

YOU acted your part, George, to ad-
miration.

GEORGE.

I am oblig'd to you, sir, for your compli-
ment.

CARELESS.

'Tis not with compliments alone, George,
that I intend to reward you — there's my
purse. *[gives him money]*

GEORGE.

Heaven bless your honour! — I am sure if
any man deserves Mrs. Angelica, 'tis most
certainly yourself; for you are the worthiest,
best, and kindest of masters.

[knocking without]

CARELESS.

Run to the door, George. I am at home
to no one but Modeley. [*Exit George.*]

—How absurd is flattery? and yet the wisest
men are oftentimes pleas'd with it. How true
is the saying of one of our poets,

“ —That flattery is the food of fools :

“ And yet, sometimes, you men of wit,

“ Will condescend to taste a bit.”

Enter MODELEY.

My dear Frank — give me joy ; I have
conquer'd the heart of this obdurate fair one !
—she melts, you rogue, she melts !

MODELEY.

So much the better, Charles ; women
are women still ; they can't withstand the
pleasing charms of an agreeable young fellow
—but give me the history of your courtship?

CARELESS.

Why you must know, that George acted
his part beyond imagination ; the rogue per-
sonated the hero to a miracle. His presump-
tion occasioned her screams, which brought
me to her assistance ; after vanquishing the
base man, who had presum'd to offer her
violence, she made him swear by my sword
never to attempt the like again.—I then in-
form'd her, in the most respectful manner I
was able, of the sincere regard which I had
for her : but to crown all, and as my mas-
terpiece of invention, I fell into a counter-

feited swoon, which gave her an opportunity of expressing her love for me ; and likewise me the pleasure of hearing it. The kind creature bid me live—and live for her alone—and you may be sure that I obey'd her with great chearfulness.

MODELEY.

Why, Charles, you are quite a Spaniard at intrigue.

CARELESS.

Give me your hand, Frank ! and now let's to the tavern, where we'll carouse over our mistresses healths in flowing bumpers of sparkling Champaign.

Women and wine should life employ, &c.

Enter GEORGE.

GEORGE.

Mrs. Maria has sent to let your honours know, that Sir William is abroad, and that she will admit you to the ladies.

CARELESS.

Come, Frank, we'll fly with the wings of love to meet them. [Exeunt.]

Scene changes to an apartment in Sir William Lovemore's house.

Enter Careless, leading in Angelica.

CARELESS.

Pray, Madam, how do you like the song I made upon you ?

ANGELICA.

Very gallant, and very pretty.

CARELESS.

Then, Madam, may I crave the favour
of you to sing it?

ANGELICA.

Sir,— [*bowing*]

- 1 While thus fond strephon gazes
On Elismunda's charms,
Her looks the youth amazes,
And give his heart alarms.
- 2 Her frowns give him despair,
When e'er he talks of love;
And yet to please the fair
Is all he asks of Jove.
- 3 Grant her, ye pow'rs above,
Grant her to strephon's pray'r!
Her charms will then improve,
And heav'n will be in her.

CARELESS.

I am oblig'd to you, Madam, for this en-
tertainment which you have afforded me.

[*bowing*]

ANGELICA.

Pray, Careless, wherein can you accuse me
of severity, when, notwithstanding your pre-
sumption of talking to me of love, I have en-
dur'd you in my sight, in consideration of the
important service you have done me; which
is so great an indulgence, that haply I may
be blam'd for it in after ages.

CARELESS.

If it is such a crime to love you, madam, I
confess myself the most offending wretch alive.

ANGELICA.

Mistake me not ; I do not blame you for loving me—but is it not contrary to all laws to tell me so, till after an infinite number of services, and secret sufferings ? did not the illustrious Mandana think it the most unpardonable presumption for the greatest personage upon earth to tell her that he ador'd her, tho' after ten years of the most faithful services and conceal'd torments ?

CARELESS.

He could not love like me, who could conceal his passion for such a length of time ? or perhaps Mandana was not so lovely as Angelica ! —Had Mandana's self appear'd so lovely, sweet, and tempting, the enraptur'd Prince had lov'd, like me, — and, like me, offended !

[sighing]

ANGELICA.

Sweet man — what an agreeable piece of flattery ! [aside] Indeed you wrong that divine Princess, by doubting the beauties of her person, for Scudery makes her inimitably charming.

CARELESS.

But this, Madam, is foreign to the subject of my love.—Sure you cannot think it presumption to adore you ? Look in your glass, and ask yourself, if any one can behold you, and not adore ? — The sun shines out with double brightness to exceed, if possible, the lustre of your eyes ; and the zephyrs fond of kissing your celestial countenance, play with your fair hair, and, by gentle murmurs, declare their happiness.

*Enter a Servant, who gives Careless a letter,
and then retires.——*Careless reads,

Dear Charles,

I am this instant inform'd, that Sir William intends sacrificing the lovely Angelica to the arms of the detestable Gripe: this horrid marriage is to be celebrated to-morrow; I give you this notice, that you may take your measures accordingly. I am,

Dear Charles, your friend, &c.

Francis Modeley.

CARELESS.

Read, Angelica, the contents of this letter, and then see if you can refuse to give your hand to the man who adores you?

ANGELICA reads.

Why, really Careless, rather than be united to so disagreeable a wretch, as Gripe; and for fear, lest your love should make you guilty of some extravagance, I think — I think, I'll e'en take you, provided you promise to love me; for Oroondates, Artaban, Artamenes, and all the heroes of antiquity, lov'd their wives passionately. — In the evening I'll be ready to attend you; and as a token of my love and forgiveness — here's my hand to kiss. [Careless kisses her hand.]

CARELESS.

Thanks, generous Angelica — love thee! 'twere impossible to do otherwise.—At seven in the evening, I'll wait for you at the end of the street—till then adieu. [*Exit Careless.*]

ANGELICA.

Call him back, Maria, I repent of my promise, and will not have him—he has certainly frighten'd me into it, by a sight of that letter.

MARIA.

Indeed ma'am, I wonder how you can use him so. I'm sure he is a very handsome man, and I dare believe much more agreeable than your *Arterburn's*, or any of your heroes of antiquity.

ANGELICA.

Artaban, you mean. How dreadfully hast thou mangled the name of that valiant knight?

Enter Sir WILLIAM and GRIPE.

Sir WILLIAM.

Daughter Angelica, Mr. Gripe has agreed to take you without any fortune; and tomorrow you must be his: I have pass'd my word for your obedience. I am going for a lawyer, while you, in the mean time, entertain Mr. Gripe. [Exit Sir William.]

GRIPE.

What says my pretty Angelica now? [*chucks her under the chin*] You must be mine, child, in spite of all your arts—oh! you pretty little rogue you!—

ANGELICA.

My father, sir, whatever power he may claim in disposing of my person, has none over my heart, that is free—and shall be at my own disposal!— [Exit Angelica.]

GRIPE.

Very fine, madam, — but I shall bring down that haughty spirit of yours. — 'Tis time for me to go and prepare every thing for her reception. Exit.

Enter Modeley leading in Melinda.

MODELEY.

And wilt thou, my dear Melinda, for my sake, run the hazard of displeasing your father, by marrying me?

MELINDA.

Duty and obedience, my dear Frank, are what I have ever follow'd, and yet when compar'd with my love for thee, they are light in respect of that.

MODELEY.

How shall I thank you, my dear Melinda, for this instance of your love?

MELINDA.

By never giving me any reason to doubt the sincerity of it.

MODELEY.

When I cease to love you, may heaven, as the greatest punishment it can possibly inflict on me, deprive me of you.—Come, Melinda, the priest that joins your sister's hand with Careless, will do us the same kind office.

MELINDA.

May heaven make it propitious. [*Exeunt, (leading her out)*]

Scene continues.

Enter GEORGE and MARIA.

GEORGE.

Upon my soul, Mrs. Maria, you are very pretty; and I love you sincerely.

MARIA.

Indeed, Mr. George, you are very impertinent to talk to me of love. I am of my lady's opinion; I think as how it is very presumptuous in you to tell me so: she says, that your Alexander's, nor your Arterburn's, never told their mistresses so.—Pray did Paroquetes ever suffer her lover to affront her in such a manner.

GEORGE.

Paroquetes! why, who the devil was she?

MARIA.

Why, she was the daughter of Christmas Gambols, and the sister to Statira.

GEORGE.

Ha! ha! ha!—I am oblig'd to you, madam, for your intelligence. (*bowing*) — But 'faith, Maria, I think you are almost as mad as your mistress—but, child, we have a much newer way of making love now-adays.

MARIA.

Ah! how's that?

GEORGE.

Shall I teach you?

MARIA.

Pray, Mr. George, no more of your impertinence; would you insinuate by that, that I am too old to learn? — I believe the fellow loves me. (*aside*)

GEORGE.

Too old ! O, why will you wrong my passion, by supposing me guilty of such presumption ! No, you are all that I should wish for in woman ! lovely, sweet, and charming !

MARIA.

Indeed, Mr. George, you have such a winning way with you (*looking languishing, and sighing at the same time*) that I protest it is dangerous to hear you talk.

GEORGE.

(*aside*)

The wench loves me to distraction.—By heavens, Maria, you are a fine creature [*kisses her*]

MARIA.

Take that, Mr. impudence, for your boldness, [*gives him a box of the ear*] and if you dare to follow me, depend upon it, I'll be reveng'd on you.

(*runs off*)

GEORGE.

A fair challenge, by this light ! and if I don't accept of it, may I be for ever branded with the name of a coward. *Exit.*

Scene changes to Careless's lodgings.

Enter Modeley and Careless.

CARELESS.

And so Melinda has seven hundred a year, you say, independent of her father ? 'faith, Frank, I am glad of it, for your sake ; for I fancy Sir William won't be reconcil'd to our marriages. Well, it was a kind indulgent old lady to put it in her power to run away with whom she had a mind to, without asking any

one's consent.—But what has my little heroine, my Angelica; for I suppose she was not forgot?

MODELEY.

Why, 'faith Charles, the old lady only left her five hundred pounds in her own disposal.

CARELESS.

Why that was cruel; but no matter—you know, Frank, my brother, 'sir Harry Careless, according to the course of things, cannot long be an inhabitant of this world, and then your humble servant comes to a fine estate, and a title; till then, Frank, we must live upon love, and, depend upon it, we shan't—starve.

MODELEY.

Bravely resolv'd, Charles—bless me, how tedious is expectation to the desiring lover?—how slow the hours pass, when happiness is in view?

CARELESS.

True, Frank; and yet, when kept awake by some midnight revel, how often have we not curs'd the quick succession, that too soon depriv'd us of our joys?

MODELEY.

I grant you, when pleasure is at stake—but time is obstinate, and will never move slower nor faster for our pleasure.—But [*looking at his watch*] it is near the hour of our meeting.

CARELESS.

Let us away then, and kind fortune be propitious to us. [*Exeunt.*]

Scene changes to an apartment in Sir William Lovemore's house.

Enter Sir William and Gripe.

GRIPE.

Is every thing settled to your mind, Sir William?

Sir WILLIAM.

Every thing, Sir : there remains nothing but the ceremony, which shall be perform'd whenever you please.

GRIPE.

O, the sooner the better — let us keep to our first determination, which was to-morrow. And now, Sir William, won't you let me see your daughter? for I long to have a kiss of the dear creature. I think I grow young again : I assure you, Sir William, my dancing-days are not over, and that Angelica will find.

[cuts a caper]

Sir WILLIAM.

Ha ! ha ! ha ! very well done, Mr. Gripe ; I really don't know where I should have chose a finer gentleman for my daughter.

GRIPE.

O dear, Sir William, you flatter me ; but to be sure, few men of my years, can boast of as much strength and vigour as I can. — But where is Angelica all this time?

Sir WILLIAM.

Who waits there?

Enter Servant.

Tell Angelica to come here.

Servant.

And 'please your honour, she went out with her sister above an hour ago, and is not yet return'd.

Sir WILLIAM.

How! an hour ago, say you; and is not yet return'd!

Servant.

No, Sir.

Enter Modeley and Careless, leading Melinda and Angelica, who all kneel to Sir William.

Sir WILLIAM.

Confusion!—what is the meaning of all this?

MODELEY.

Only to beg your blessing, Sir William? Mr. Careless and myself are married to your daughters.

Sir WILLIAM.

How can you expect my blessing Melinda? Have you not married the son of one of the greatest enemies I ever had? A man who took every opportunity to affront me—and no doubt—the partner you have chose, bears me the same good will.

MODELEY.

Indeed Sir William you wrong me, tho' my father in his life time bore an inveterate hatred against you, yet I have always look'd upon you as the parent of Melinda, and in that light could not chuse but esteem you.

[*bowing*]

Sir William, pausing.

Well, things past cannot be recall'd!—
rise my children! I must needs forgive you.
—Mr. Gripe you see my daughter has pro-
vided for herself. I tremble for you Ange-
lica! how came that rake, Careless, into your
good graces? Why child, he is the wildest
young fellow about town.—As to Modeley,
his general good character is sufficient to
claim my excuse.

Modeley *bowing*.

I am oblig'd to you Sir William, for your
good opinion of me, which I shall ever study
to deserve.

GRIPE.

So, so! I find that I am trick'd of Angelica.

CARELESS.

Indeed Mr. Gripe those spindle shanks of
yours, could ill have supported the fatigues
of—matrimony. Ha! ha! ha!—In marry-
ing your daughter, Sir William.—

Enter GEORGE.

What now George?

GEORGE.

And 'please your honour, there is a messen-
ger arriv'd from Mr. Thrifty, your brother's
steward, to let you know that Sir Harry died
yesterday.

OMNES.

We all congratulate Sir Charles and lady
Careless.

CARELESS.

Thanks, worthy friends.—And now, my dear Angelica, I am better worth your acceptance than when the priest tied the Hymenical knot, I was then plain Charles Careless, without a fortune; I am now—

ANGELICA.

O, do not wrong my love, Sir Charles, by such expressions. I swear your heart was the only object of my ambition.

CARELESS.

Generous girl. — But my future life shall be spent in convincing you, how dear you are to me.—And here, Sir William, I promise to reform the errors of my youth, and make a worthy husband to my dear Angelica.

GEORGE.

In imitation of your betters, Sir, Mrs. Maria, and your humble servant, have agreed to be one flesh.

CARELESS.

So, 'tis all come to a happy conclusion, by our different marriages. — Since it is to you, George, that I partly owe my present happiness with this lady, I will take care of your fortune.

GEORGE and MARIA.

Heaven bless your honour. [bowing]

CARELESS.

Thus may every true and virtuous lover meet the same kind recompence from fortune.
And ev'ry rake, so kind, so good a wife,
Then ev'ry Careless would—reform his life.

Exeunt & Omnes. [turning to Ang.]

